

DIARMUÍO
Ó DONNA BÁIN
ROSA



1831-1915

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In Memory
of
O'DONOVAN ROSSA
Fenian

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TELEGRAMS, "GRESHAM, DUBLIN."

GRESHAM HOTEL,
DUBLIN.

My husband (O'Donovan Rossa) was
as he said of himself in the dock
an Irishman since he was born
and I can testify that during
his last long illness he was
the same unconquerable
Irishman breathing the same
unalterable desire for the
absolute freedom of his
country and its utter separation
from England that he breathed
in the dock

Mary J. O'Donovan Rossa

July 22nd 1915

A CHARACTER STUDY

O'Donovan Rossa was not the greatest man of the Fenian generation, but he was its most typical man. He was the man that to the masses of his countrymen then and since stood most starkly and plainly for the Fenian idea. More lovable and understandable than the cold and enigmatical Stephens, better known than the shy and sensitive Kickham, more human than the scholarly and chivalrous O'Leary, more picturesque than the able and urbane Luby, older and more prominent than the man who, when the time comes to write his biography, will be recognised as the greatest of the Fenians—John Devoy—Rossa held a unique place in the hearts of Irish men and Irish women. They made songs about him, his very name passed into a proverb. To avow oneself a friend of O'Donovan Rossa meant in the days of our fathers to avow oneself a friend of Ireland; it meant more: it meant to avow oneself a "mere" Irishman, an "Irish enemy," an "Irish savage," if you will, naked and unashamed. Rossa was not only "extreme," but he represented the left wing of the "extremists." Not only would he have Ireland free, but he would have Ireland Gaelic.

And here we have the secret of Rossa's magic, of Rossa's power: he came out of the Gaelic tradition. He was of the Gael; he thought in a Gaelic way; he spoke in Gaelic accents. He was the spiritual and intellectual descendant of Colm Cille and of Seán an Díomais. With Colm Cille he might have said, "If I die it shall be from the love I bear the Gael;" with Shane O'Neill he held it debasing to "twist his mouth with English." To him the Gael and the Gaelic ways were splendid and holy, worthy of all homage and all service; for the English he had a hatred that was tinged with contempt. He looked upon them as an inferior race, morally and intellectually; he despised their civilisation; he mocked at their institutions and made them look ridiculous.

And this again explains why the English hated him above all the Fenians. They hated him as they hated Shane O'Neill, and as they hated Parnell; but more. For the same "crime" against English law as his associates he was sentenced to a more terrible penalty; and they pursued him into his prison and tried to break his spirit by mean and petty cruelty. He stood up to them and fought them: he made their whole penal system odious and despicable in the eyes of Europe and America. So the English found Rossa in prison a more terrible foe than Rossa at large; and they were glad at last when they had to let him go. Without any literary pretensions, his story of his prison life remains one of the sombre epics of the earthly inferno.

O'Donovan Rossa was not intellectually broad, but he had great intellectual intensity. His mind was like a hot flame. It seared and burned what was base and mean; it bored its way through falsehoods and conventions; it shot upward, unerringly, to truth and principle. And this man had one of the toughest and most stubborn souls that have ever been. No man, no government, could either break or bend him. Literally he was incapable of compromise. He could not even parley with compromisers. Nay, he could not act, even for the furtherance of objects held in common, with those who did not hold and avow all his objects. It was characteristic of him that he refused to associate himself with the "new departure" by which John Devoy threw the support of the Fenians into the land struggle behind Parnell and Davitt; even though the Fenians compromised

nothing and even though their support were to mean (and did mean) the winning of the land war. Parnell and Davitt he distrusted; Home Rulers he always regarded as either foolish or dishonest. He knew only one way; and suspected all those who thought there might be two.

And while Rossa was thus unbending, unbending to the point of impracticability, there was no acerbity in his nature. He was full of a kindly Gaelic glee. The olden life of Munster, in which the seanchaidhe told tales in the firelight and songs were made at the autumn harvesting and at the winter spinning, was very dear to him. He saw that life crushed out, or nearly crushed out, in squalor and famine during '47 and '48; but it always lived in his heart. In English prisons and in American cities he remembered the humour and the lore of Carbery. He jested when he was before his judges; he jested when he was tortured by his jailors; sometimes he startled the silence of the prison corridors by laughing aloud and by singing Irish songs in his cell: they thought he was going mad, but he was only trying to keep himself sane.

I have heard from John Devoy the story of his first meeting with Rossa in prison. Rossa was being marched into the governor's office as Devoy was being marched out. In the gaunt man that passed him Devoy did not recognise at first the splendid Rossa he had known. Rossa stopped and said, "John." "Who are you?" said Devoy: "I don't know you." "I'm Rossa." Then the warders came between them. Devoy has described another meeting with Rossa, and this time it was Rossa who did not know Devoy. One of the last issues of the "Gaelic American" that the British Government allowed to enter Ireland contained Devoy's account of a recent visit to Rossa in a hospital in Staten Island. It took a little time to make him realise who it was that stood beside his bed. "And are you John Devoy?" he said at last. During his long illness he constantly imagined that he was still in an English prison; and there was difficulty in preventing him from trying to make his escape through the window. I have not yet seen any account of his last hours: the cabling of such things would imperil the Defence of the Realm.

Enough to know that that valiant soldier of Ireland is dead; that that unconquered spirit is free.

P. H. PEARSE.

Grieve not for him: speak not a word of sorrow:
Although his eyes saw not his country's glory,
The service of his day shall make our morrow:
His name shall be a watchword in our story.

Him England for his love of Ireland hates:
This flesh we bury England's chains have bitten:
That is enough: for our deed now he waits:
With Emmet's let his epitaph be written.

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

ORÓCE 1 BFOCAIR ROSA

I gcuireadactain Diarmada Uí Donnabáin Rora cáitear féin an oróce ba táirbige dem' faogal. Saoilear poim ré gur Saedéal doirb a caparde oim: an Saedéal ir cnearta dár capad miam oim a bi ann. An céad eolair a léigeara uile i rtaoib "Rora" baim fé le rocpair no le adlacad baintreabhaige i Scibpín Bliadain an Sabtair. Dean boet a bi i n-a cōinnurde 'ran tppáro do b'ead i. Cé ná raib de mupgail uirte áet mac, ruair ri báp leir an ocpair; agus cé ná raib 'ran mac áet rdoi, b'é toil Dé gur tuig fé nár mór do corp a mátar do cup 'ran uais. Ní gnátae cáram dá famail ar a leitéro i n'Dearmumain. Áet ir ar éigean a bi o'uain as éinne aipe tabairt dá cōmupraib an trát úo 'ran dútairg céadna. Dia eadpáinn ir an anacain, cuiread na mílte ann gan an cōmpa féin mar cumvad oita. Connaic Diarmuro óg Ua Donnabáin an rdoi boet as cup a mátar; ir cé ná raib i n'Diarmuro áet ógán dein fé cion rir do'n rdoi agus cuir fé an corp mar ba dual. Suar le trí píero bliadan ní ba diadnaige do capad oim-ra é, agus ba léir dom láirpeac ó n-a deallpam cnearta go rabar i láair an treandúine do dein mar ba dútair do i n-a óige. Ir air go deapbta nár táinís malairt meoin leir an aimpir.

Ir eol do'n faogal cad a tápla do Diarmuro i scaiteam na haimprie rin. I rtaoac a faogail cuir fé Cumann ar dun i Scibpín cum reancur Éireann do múinead: raoirpe Éireann an cáram ir mó bi oita, áh. Níor b'fada go raib uphór Dearmuman ar a rtaoib, agus Riagaltar Sacran i n-a gcoinnib. Cuiread an olige ar plóigtib aca i rtaigib: tápla nár rdoiad rdoi áet uine. Aimpair aepáinn a bi ann an trát úo. Bi an fpainne as bagairt ar fpaínriar Seóram, Imprie Artáipe, agus bi páorais MacMatgáinna de cine Saedéal i n-a ceann uprard i nárm na fpaínnee. Bi Garabailde ir a cōmaeta as bagairt ar an bpápa, agus muinntear Sacran as cabrugad leó. Cuiréde pléibte na Muman fé bairi larpac an uair eirgead le Arm MacMatgáinna. Cuard Seoirpe MacSigiró ir Taóis Ua Súilleabáin go rti an fpaínne as bpōnnad clardm ar an taoirpeac Saedéalaé bliadain a 1860. Bi Seán Mirtéil i n-a rtaeanta. Tá Seoirpe MacSigiró ir Imprie Artáipe i n-a mbeataró rōp. Faro faogail eua agus rior-pat oita. Táinís an Cannt Cairéall Mac-Dōnnaili ó'n Artáir ar lorig cabrac do'n pápa ar muinntir na héireann an bliadain céadna. I gcionn mí do bi dá míle Saedéal as tpoio 'ran loadil. An uair o'filleadap abaile fé deirpead na bliadna ní raib don iongnad áet an fáilte cuiread pómpa ar furo na Muman. Fé ceann bliadna bup cogad Aimeirce amac, agus, rōipior, bi Saedil i n-a míltib as tpoio i gcoinnib a céile ann. An bliadain rin airtrugead corp Toirdealbag MacMágnura ó San fpaínreo go héirunn. leat-céad míle fear do bi as gluaireact 'ran trocpair go Glair Nardean.

Bi Diarmuro Ua Donnabáin Rora as obair go rdeallac le linn na haimprie rin. Ir beag bótar ná bóirín féin i héirunn uile nár táirtil fé. Mar don leir rin bi fé as treórad párpéir nuaróeacta i náe Cliaé. Cuir rocpair MacMágnura oirpead ran mupnig ar Saedéalaib Aimeirce go raib rúil i héirunn le congnaím mór uata gan ró-moill. Bi rúil le congnaím ó muinntir Aimeirce féin tar éir an éogard mar díogail ar a ndearna Saedil rdoi. Áet an uair tug Éireannaig roga fé Canada bliadain a 1866 o'fás Aimeirce bpeall oita. Tamall poimr rin cuiread an olige ar Ua Donnabáin Rora ir ar a cuireactain i náe Cliaé. Copain fé 'ran cáirt iapacta é féin fé mar deánrad leoman; áet b'é bpeit na cúirte a cup fé glar go ceann píce bliadan. Cuiread go capcain i Sacraib é féin ir garrad Saedéal ir iao uile ceangailte le plabpaib. A leitéro de marlad ir de

baircáid is mar tugad do annrúo níos ceapad nam fé na gail na Rúire. Bainead a curó éadais de ó énoiceann is o'págar san éadac san polar san biad san deoc é i n-áru curmang i scorp an gémiró is ríoc is pneacta timdeall air. Ceanglad a láma is a cora i dtreo go mbíod air pé grem bró is uirce éittríde cuige o'alpa ar an uilár fé mar déanpad muc no marpad. Táinig a bean is a leand ar cuairt cuige: ní leigtríde dóib teact i láair a céite. Cuiread i n-iur do go raib a cáirde ag fágáil báir i n-a timdeall. Da labrad fé ór íreal geobparde de coraib ann; da labrad fé ór áro déanparde a laprad. Níos o'iongnad an feoil ag tobad da ballaib. Tap éir tamailt o'airtrigead ó capcair go capcair é, agus toirc náir laigóis ar a mipead da deapcaid nite vudair na deamain a bí ag fairé air sup dúine allta é. Is gnátae an t-éitead ar tarrac ag an Sacpanac. Aet tug muinntear tiobparo áruann freagra ar Seán Durde: togarar an gémtead mar fepire bliadain a 1869, agus reaoilead raor ó'n gcapcair é fé bliadain a 1872, an tan cuiread ruais ar luét an Galladair ag Togad Mór Ciarrige.

Cuaró fé go ndimeice, aet leand annrúo féin é. Meapad a meallad is a bpeabad is a cup ar reacrán, agus an uair teip ar a náimíob é deigilt ó faotar a faogail no cor do baint ar, cuiread bean ós cuige is lámac pí é, cé náir máirb, agus tá an piléar poin, tap éir deic mbliadain rícead, ar iomcup aige go dtí an uais. An trát capad oim-ra é ní ag tagairt do'n vpoé-úfáro ruair fé i gcapcair Sacpan a bí fé; aet bí dian-feais air toirc go bfuair fé leabair i leabarlain an ártais is é ag teact tar páile is an leabair poin lán de na rean-bpéagair i n-a éaró féin.

An t-eólar a bí aige ar feandur Éireann an pur is mó cup iongnad oim. Ní raib vuan ná reéal dáir éuala nam i nliob Rátae nac raib aige de glan-meabair. Bí fé ag tagairt do na géaróir bíadaine, ó páorais Sáiréal go páorais MacMatgáinna. De'n cine céarona MacMatgáinna is é féin. Da beas cine i nDearmúmain san curó viod fé féin i ndarmaib éorra is dimeice. Ní raib a mipead ag trágad! Féillear do, mar sup beas lion tige ar m'aire san gaolta aca i n-armair iapacta. Bí deapbáir rean-máir dom féin ar an noieam a tug foza fé Éanada, 1866. Cuaró garmac mo rean-máir eile do'n loáil ag coraint an pápa ar Sapabailde. B'éigin do deapbáir mo máir teicead go ndimeice toirc a beir amuis i '67, agus o'fíll fé com luat is bí de céad aige i '72. Bí fé ra baile vipead i gcómar mo bairte-re, agus b'é m'áir bairtíge é. Aet b'éigin do imteact go ndrpaile air agus ní'l a pian ná a tuairpe agaim ó fom. Beas lion tige i nDearmúmain ná reapad oipead céarona is bpeir do maoréam, m'f maoréam é. Luatcar é o'fonn a deimugad go raib an rean-faobair cum tpoa ar Gaedailaib nite leat-céad bliadain ó fom.

"Molám tú féin is do leicéro," appa Rora liom i noiead na dála. "Feap ós tura, bail ó Dia opt. Rugad tú tap éir mo reaoite-re ó glapair Gall. Tá do faogail pómat, de deoin Dé. Claoró leir an nGaéilge. Ní'l a comait de úilair agair i scoinnib Sacpan, agus ní'l párugad i nÉipinn áin inoiu ar luét coranta na Gaéilge. Is móir é mo vócar arair."

Is iomda litir a bí agam uaró ní da vionnarge, agus níos reir fé nam éugam aet tpe Gaéilge. Ní raib aon paropeada aige aet paropeada Gaéilge. Fead tamailt maré poin a báir is beas a labair fé aet Gaéilge, agus is beas ionntaor a bí aige ar éinne aet luét labarta Gaéilge. Pocair Gaéilge na pocair veiró a tuit ó n-a déal. Níos áruis fé aigne i otaor Éireann ná Sacpan nam. Daoine san náir adeir go noeapna. Leand Gaéil a lops agus ní baogal dóib.

Seán ua Ceallais.

THE INFLUENCE OF FENIANISM.

In 1843 there were more than a million men of fighting age on the soil of Ireland who supported O'Connell's demand for Repeal with their voices, and waited for his word to support it with their hands. An English Cabinet Minister surveying the situation, observed that the growth of Irish Population was a menace. Hence, the Famine.

In 1845 the potato-blight appeared in Western Europe. Germany and the other Continental countries affected closed their ports to the export of foodstuffs until the respective Governments were satisfied that none of their people could be starved. The Young Irelanders demanded that the Ports of Ireland should be similarly closed. As this would have shortened England's food supply and kept the Million Repealers of Military Age alive, the British Government refused. The Parliamentary Party of that era—which had consented to put Repeal on the shelf in return for a prodigious number of Commissionerships, sub-Commissionerships, Inspectorships, stipendiary magistracies, and so forth—supported the Government's refusal and proclaimed the Young Irelanders Factionists, Traitors, Infidels, and Enemies of Repeal.

Thus, between 1846 and 1850 the potential Repeal Army vanished, and England was kept supplied with cheap food from Ireland. In each year of the Legislative Famine Ireland raised on her soil food for the sustenance of from sixteen to twenty millions of people. Out of her population of 8,000,000, two millions were destroyed in the same period by hunger, hunger-fever, and emigration to escape hunger-fever.

The Young Irelanders who attempted resistance to the course of British policy had their newspapers suppressed, and their bodies transported to England's Penal Settlements. Next, the Tenant League, founded by Gavan Duffy, Geo. Henry Moore, and Frederick Lucas, succeeded in electing a pledge-bound Parliamentary Party to the British Parliament, where the British Government at once bought it up.

Thereafter, the Reduction of Ireland proceeded swiftly and smoothly, with the help of the Encumbered Estates Act. Lord Sligo, for instance, wiped out 10,000 people who dwelt upon the soil then in his possession, and whose ancestors had dwelt there for a thousand years, and Mr. John George Adair, desiring to have good shooting and civilised surroundings, bought a countryside and left no living thing of the human species on it. The natives wept—"throwing themselves on the ground," writes the Unionist "Derry Standard's" correspondent of the day—" . . . they burst out into the old Irish wail—and their terrifying cries resounded along the mountain-side." But Mr. Adair, or Lord Lucan or Lord Sligo, or Mr. Allan Pollock or Lord Leitrim suffered no other inconvenience. For it had been ground into the Irish peasant that it was no sin for the British Government to exterminate HIM, but it was damnation hereafter for him to conspire to exterminate the British Government, or even to shoot a John George Adair.

It was in this forlorn and seemingly broken-spirited land the Fenian Movement was founded by James Stephens, John O'Mahony and Michael Doheny—all three Young Irelanders who, in 1848, had urged the people to fight rather than let themselves be legally famished. It spread through the land, although the British Government mobilised all its sacred and profane artillery. When Fenianism attempted armed and open war

with the British Empire, the British Empire was able to defeat it without calling the French, the Russians, the Japanese, the Servians, the Belgians, the Italians, the Ghoorkhas the Senegalese, and the Fiji Islanders to its aid, but the spirit of Fenianism, which was the spirit of Young Ireland, which was the spirit of Ancient Ireland, it could not defeat. Fenianism had recalled Irishmen to their manhood. It had exorcised the British Theology and convinced the better part of the Irish that to permit themselves to be destroyed without offering resistance was not a meek submission to Providence entitling them to heaven hereafter, but plain suicide—a sin against God.

The spread of this conviction led to the farmers of Tipperary when their landlords came to exterminate them, using guns at Ballycohey and elsewhere to exterminate their landlords, their landlords' bailiffs, and their landlords' police. A British Government alarmed at this practical Fenianism immediately did what it had refused to the appeals, arguments, pleas, and supplications of forty years of oratory and resolutions—passed a Land Act recognising the right of an Irish farmer to object to being extirpated off-hand. Within a dozen years thereafter the spirit of Fenianism had smashed Landlordism in Ireland into fragments, and the Irish farmer was free to live and eat of his own corn.

So long as the spirit of Fenianism diffused itself through the body politic, Ireland marched on a hundred paths of political, social, industrial, and educational effort to National Regeneration. When the body grew corrupt Ireland shrivelled in men's minds from a spiritual force and a National entity to a fragment of Empire—an Area. Again, the Body Politic has healed and awakens to consciousness of that soul within it which the Political Atheist denies. No man will watch the body of O'Donovan Rossa pass to its tomb without remembering that the strength of an Empire was baffled when it sought to subdue this man whose spirit was the free spirit of the Irish Nation.

ARTHUR GRIFFITH.

ROSSA—ARCH REBEL

“I robbed no man, I spilt no blood, tho' they sent me to jail,
Because I was O'Donovan Ross, a son of Granuaile.”

These are the only lines I remember of an old street ballad which seems to have been very popular when I was a child. I don't think I ever knew any more of the verses, the air of which I remember quite well; but they were the first medium through which the name of the great rebel of Ros-cairbre reached my ears. It was not, of course, until some years afterwards that I was able to appreciate who O'Donovan Rossa was, and why he was sent to gaol, the reason given in the ballad I must suppose seeming quite sufficient and satisfactory at the time. It was in that admirable compilation, “Speeches from the Dock,” that I got the first satisfactory account of O'Donovan Rossa, and of his predecessors and confederates in Ireland's glorious and unwavering struggle for National Independence.

The story there told of Rossa's defiant attitude towards Judge Keogh, “a regular Norbury,” as he called him; and the manly cheerfulness with which he heard the savage

sentence of penal servitude for life, was sufficient to give him a very high place in my boyish esteem as a National hero, a place he has retained though many ideals have since been shattered, and many idols dethroned.

In September, 1831, O'Donovan Rossa was born, his baptism, as recorded in the Parish Church of Roscarbery, taking place on the 10th of that month. His parents were of the old Gaelic stock, both sides numbering chieftains of Carbery among their ancestors. They were anxious to give their son the best available education, and sent him to the school at Ross, where he made steady progress in his studies. In those years English was still a foreign tongue in this as in many other southern districts; and the iron grip of the Penal Laws had scarcely been loosened from popular teaching. As Rossa himself has recorded:—"The Irish language was the language of the table, the language of the milking baan, the language of the sowing and the reaping, the language of the mowing, the mihall and the harvest home. The English language may be spoken when the landlord or English-speaking came the way; but the natural language to every one in the house was Irish, and in the Irish language I commenced to grow."

All through his life Rossa kept up his interest in the old tongue of his ancestors, which he spoke more eloquently and fluently than English; and when towards the end of his days it was practically impossible to rouse his interest in any subject, his devoted and talented wife has told me, that the only way of awakening his attention and getting him to respond, was by addressing him in the melodious accents laden with the tradition of bye-gone glories, and of many battles fought against the spoiler and oppressor of his native land.

Rossa was a generous high-spirited youth of seventeen at the time of the '48 movement which he saw sink in a failure that might have been averted, or at least rendered less inglorious had the people been allowed to make a stand, even against the overwhelming odds arrayed against them, instead of being counselled to an ignoble peace, which involved the degradation of dying famine-stricken in the ditches, or by the roadside. In his touching verses, "Jillen Andy," Rossa records an actual incident of the English-made famine, which so buried itself into his soul, that he determined to do at least one man's part to rouse his countrymen out of despair and apathy, and make a further, a more carefully and secretly prepared, and a more uncompromising fight for Irish freedom.

But he had naturally to bide his time; and the most he could do after the '48 failure was to keep himself and his youthful associates clear of the new "moral force," or "constitutional" Tenant League movement, which, whilst having a handful of well-meaning patriotic men among its founders, soon fell into the clutches of the self-seekers and sycophants led by Messrs. Sadlier and Keogh, who became so notorious as the "Brass Band" of that period.

In 1856 Rossa and a few other patriotic young men took the first active step towards counteracting the demoralising influences at work in the country, by initiating a political organisation on the lines of the "Emmet Monument Association," which a remnant of the exiled '48 men had started in New York, and which was the precursor of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, or the Fenian Movement, as it came to be more generally known and called. Some of the sturdiest young Nationalists in Skibbereen, where Rossa was then living, identified themselves with the new movement which on Rossa's suggestion was called the "Phoenix National and Literary Society," signifying in his own words, "that the Irish cause was again to rise from the ashes of our martyred nationality."

In May, 1858, James Stephens paid a visit to Skibbereen armed with a letter of introduction from James O'Mahony, of Bandon, to one of the leading members of the Phoenix Society, Donal Oge McCartie, who was the first man to take the Fenian oath in Skibbereen. Donal Oge in turn administered the oath to Rossa, who then initiated other leading members, until the whole Society was sworn in to the great revolutionary organisation. In a small country town it is almost impossible for a fairly large body of young men to continue constantly meeting without attracting attention to themselves, and before the end of 1858 the members of the Phoenix Society were not alone warned from the altar steps, but from the columns of the "Nation" newspapers also, then under the editorship of A. M. Sullivan. The "Irishman" of the time referred to the warning of the "Nation" as "an imprudent shout of alarm," and went on to say:—

"It would seem that there is a political organisation in Munster. We learn from unquestionable sources that it has no connection with Ribbonmen or midnight conspiracy but prudently or imprudently, wisely or rashly, its members believe that by its means they can help in bringing back the independence of Ireland. We fear the wholesale denunciation of all forms of secret societies by well-meaning amiable persons misleads and confounds the people, and makes them blind to the line where morality ends and crime begins. A secret organisation for the amelioration of Ireland is no crime."

The result of all this "well-meaning" publicity was that in December, 1858, Rossa and his leading associates were placed in the dock, and after suffering eight months imprisonment were released in July, 1859. The imprisonment, however, was the least serious effect of clerical and parliamentary zeal for "law and order," so far at least as Rossa was concerned, for on his release he found that a flourishing business which he had built up in Skibbereen had practically been ruined, and that some of his best customers among the neighbouring gentry, and their assiduous imitators, refused to have any further dealings with a convicted "felon." The police authorities also worried him about licensing matters, and as the local Bishop also took sides against him, he was reluctantly compelled to emigrate to New York in 1863.

John O'Mahony and the other leaders of the revolutionary movement in America gave him a cordial welcome, and he would probably have continued his work for Ireland there, but for his recall towards the end of 1863, to take up the business management of the new Fenian organ, "The Irish People," a position he filled with conspicuous ability up to the seizure of the paper, and the arrest of practically all its staff, including Rossa himself in September, 1865. When brought up for trial in November of that year Rossa conducted his own defence with the result referred to in the beginning of this hasty sketch. In January, 1871, he was released as a result of the Amnesty agitation, on condition that he went into exile.

It is unnecessary that I should dwell here on the shocking details of Rossa's treatment in prison, beyond saying that in the course of a fairly extensive reading about Siberian, Italian and other prison systems, I have encountered little to equal, and certainly nothing to surpass in vicious malignity the methods resorted to by the English authorities to crush, break, or humiliate that proud, dauntless spirit. Nor does space permit me to make more than passing reference to his return for Tipperary, in 1869, by the substantial majority of 103 votes over the Government and clerical candidate, Mr. Denis Caulfield Heron. Needless to say the election was declared void, but its significance was fully appreciated both in Ireland and abroad.



Mrs. and Miss Rossa

With the exception of a brief residence in Cork some ten years ago, Rossa continued his activities for the Irish cause in America until the weight of years and increasing ill-health compelled his withdrawal from public affairs. For many years he conducted a newspaper, the "United Irishman," of which I used to see occasional copies, and enjoy its breezy and genial personal notes. For, despite the fact that to the English O'Donovan Rossa, more than any other man of his time, typified the most desperate and sanguinary type of conspirator, he was in reality one of the kindest and most tender-hearted of men.

That a man of such innate gentleness and nobility of temperament should feel compelled to resort to the most desperate and violent methods to bring about the realisation of a passionately cherished ideal is in itself the most eloquent commentary, and the most emphatic condemnation, of English rule in Ireland.

O'LEARY CURTIS.

ROSSA IN THE DOCK

The very spirit of defiant patriotism animated Rossa as he faced Britain's judges charged with disaffection towards the foreign occupation of his country. Rossa in the dock is a picture that will live in the hearts and minds of Irish Nationalists. Proud, brave and resolute, he embodied the spirit of Fenianism, the historic spirit of Irish Nationalism, and gave inspiration to the young men of his time. It was the attitude England detested most of all, for it was likely to be imitated by other rebels, and to stir the conscience of every manly Irishman. Political intriguing could be out-manœuvred by her astute instruments in the Castle, and in editorial rooms. The frank defiance and denial of her sovereign right could be punished in the individual, but it was a dangerous and contagious doctrine for Irishmen to hear. When the spirit is finally broken, and the voice of a Rossa is heard no more, then the men who died for Ireland may sorrow for her ignoble fate. David must not be intimidated by the bulk of Goliath's body.

Rossa, a man of magnificent masculinity, could not be cowed by British judge or British soldier. In prison he withstood hardship and torment with the same dauntless courage. He was never tamed. He knew the cause he suffered for was just; he fought for his country's freedom. When compelled to eat his food from an English prison floor with his hands manacled behind his back, no thought of dishonourable desertion passed across his mind. The hope of avenging the wrongs of his country, and of re-establishing her independence brightened his dark cell. His gaolers were amazed to hear him laugh, for he had some of Wolfe Tone's philosophy, and looked for no mercy from the enemy. In the dock he was the Irish Nationalist according to John Mitchel and Robert Emmet.

Late in 1859 Rossa found himself facing British officials, "charged with treason of some kind to something belonging to England." Alongside him was a man against whom it was alleged that he walked down the street, "with a military step." It was a star-chamber trial in a room in Cork gaol, and after many months Rossa was released. For some years he was able to do good work, but soon found himself in the hands of the enemy.

In November, 1865, O'Donovan Rossa occupied the dock in Green Street Court-house. He conducted his own defence in a vigorous and characteristic manner. The infamous Keogh was his judge. Rossa knew well what his fate would be, but was not in any way intimidated. He badgered the detectives, debated with the crown lawyers, and argued with the judges. When the prisoner in the dock undertook to read the files of the "United Irishman," horror sat upon the faces of the judge, jury and attorneys. Judge Keogh had to sit on the bench while Rossa read to the court the bitter satire and fierce invective written about him by the Fenian leaders. For eight hours the indomitable Fenian continued his defence, and only gave in when his physical powers were exhausted. "A regular Norbury," he gasped, as he announced that the defence was concluded. When asked the usual formal question, Rossa refused to say anything as to why sentence should not be passed upon him.

"With the fact that the Government seized papers connected with my defence and examined them—with the fact that they packed the jury—with the fact that the Government stated they would convict—with the fact that they sent Judge Keogh, a second Norbury, to try me—with these facts before me, it would be useless to say anything."

The man who had sold his country proceeded to pass sentence on the man who had plotted and planned to free her. "The prisoner," he said, "had entertained these criminal designs since the year 1859."

"I was an Irishman since I was born," interrupted Rossa.

The judge said he would not waste words by trying to bring him to a sense of his guilt; and Rossa smiled.

The sentence was that Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa be kept in penal servitude for the term of his natural life.

"All right, my lord," exclaimed the unconquerable Irishman, and with a smile to his friends in the court, he walked with a light step from the dock.

NORTHMAN.

THE POLITICAL "FELON"

Writing a week after O'Donovan Rossa was convicted in 1865, John Mitchel declared that the Fenian prisoners who had been called upon to stand before courts and juries had all behaved nobly, but, to his mind, the conduct of Rossa was noblest of all. "It was very imprudent of him to take this course, and, in fact, it brought on him a sentence for life instead of twenty years. But, at any rate, he did the thing that was right, and just and manly." The venal and perjured renegade who pronounced the iniquitous sentence referred to the prisoner's experience of "the clemency of the Crown" in 1859. For eight months, from December, 1858, to July, 1859, Rossa and his comrades of the Phoenix Society were kept in jail without trial, although the Habeas Corpus Act was not suspended, and were compelled to work as if they were convicted prisoners. To obtain the release of one of their body, who had been tried before a packed jury in Tralee

and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, they finally consented to plead guilty to the charges laid against them, and were then set free. The royal "clemency" was of the usual order where Irish "rebels" are concerned. It was a politicians' shift to avoid exposure before the world of their mean breach of their own laws, of which they had been guilty. Whig or Tory the game is played under the same rules. It was a Liberal Government, of which Mr. W. E. Gladstone was a leading member, which made "So-help-me-God" Keogh a judge, and it was during Mr. Gladstone's first Premiership that O'Donovan Rossa endured the worst tortures of his prison life.

Bravely as Rossa had borne himself before Judge Keogh and the packed jury, his courage and fortitude came triumphantly through infinitely greater trials during his six years' incarceration in English convict prisons. Deliberately it was planned that the political prisoners should be subjected to every form of personal indignity that mean cruelty could invent. To make them feel degraded and outcast from humanity was the object of their penal treatment. From the highest rank to the lowest in the prison service, the word had been passed that the spirit of these men must be broken.

The instruments of British vengeance were truly fitted to the task. The English convict system was calculated to make the jailer indistinguishable, except by his uniform, from the most brutalised of his prisoners. The worst deviltry of which the system was capable was reserved for the punishment of Rossa. He was sentenced to penal servitude for the term of his natural life, and his jailers certainly tried their worst, short of actual assassination, to shorten the term of his imprisonment. Few forms of torture that could be tried without risk of early discovery were left untried upon the proud and stiff-necked Fenian. He was a marked man from the first day he entered prison, and were it not for his powerful constitution and high spirit he would not have survived the protracted ordeal.

Rossa was received into Mountjoy Prison on December 13th, 1865, and thence transferred to Pentonville on the 23rd of the same month. He was removed to Portland on the 14th of May, 1866, placed—to use the official term—"on second probation" at Millbank on the 20th of February, 1867, and removed to Chatham on the 24th of February, 1868. It was in Chatham that he was handcuffed with his hands behind his back for a period of 35 days, a fact which was accepted as proved by the Commission of Inquiry over which Lord Devon presided. About this fact Mr. Gladstone's Home Secretary, Mr. Henry Austin Bruce, got up in the House of Commons and lied in the manner of his kind. Long before the report of the Devon Commission had appeared, showing, amongst other unpleasant revelations, that Rossa had been compelled to lap his gruel like a dog, Mr. Bruce's identity had been hidden under the title of Lord Aberdare—another act of royal clemency! The report of that Commission is absorbingly interesting, if read in collation with the history of the times. Rossa's sufferings in prison were tempered or increased in strict keeping with events in the outer world. He fought his fight, knowing little or nothing of what was going on in Ireland or abroad. He personified in the struggle with his jailers that spirit which ultimately compelled William Ewart Gladstone to recognise that something must be done to avert danger from England. If the "intensity of Fenianism" disestablished the Protestant Church in Ireland, Rossa's fortitude in prison must have assisted Mr. Gladstone in no small degree to realise that he must change his policy. Of what was the legislative result of his altered mind, it is not for us here to speak. But it behoves us to remember that he whom we mourn to-day, whilst still a chained and tortured inmate of a felon cell, could by his unconquerable spirit, affect the course of British policy. He who runs may read the lesson of his noble example.

W. J. RYAN.

NA FIANNA EIREANN

Someone has said that every Irishman is born a rebel; this assertion may seem rather sweeping, but it is undoubtedly a fact that nearly every Irish boy is instinctively a rebel. All over the country, even in districts untouched by Fenianism, and in which are no traditions of the sacrifices and struggles of local Fenians, we find Tone, Emmet, Dwyer, Rossa, and men of their stamp figuring as heroes in the conversations and confidences of the boys, who may have no knowledge of the particular deed or deeds of any of them, little or no conception of their aspirations or their hopes, but one thing always is clear to the youthful mind—all their heroes fought for Ireland and against England.

This National instinct in the boys of Ireland is truly wonderful; it guides them unerringly and without apparent reason; their knowledge of the men whose names are linked together in their imaginations being, in most cases, gleaned from fragments of conversations overheard, from snatches of ballads sung willy-nilly by their elders, or, mayhap now and then from the lips of a forlorn ballad-singer, the latter not being nearly so common now as was the case a dozen years ago.

It is unfortunate that until quite recently no very serious attempt was made to guard and guide our young rebels through their school days, and through that period of transition between boyhood and manhood, that period during which so many dreams are forgotten, so many illusions shattered; during which one might almost say the man of the future is made. There were many endeavours to capture the young minds for the nation by the establishment of language and history classes, by the formation of juvenile football and hurley clubs, they all met with some success, but in the main the boys tired of the routine, and were lost in the tide of anglicisation.

About five years ago Na Fianna Eireann was started, in a very modest way, in Dublin, and since then the organisation has spread in a wonderful manner throughout the whole country. The boys of the Fianna have solved the difficulties which attended previous efforts in this direction, they have done this by combining work and play, by completely controlling the organisation themselves, thus making each individual boy feel that he himself is more or less responsible for the success of their work. The boys make their own laws, elect their officers, smooth over their difficulties and settle their differences with surprising tact and diplomacy; so each one feels that he himself is the organisation.

The effects of the training in the Fianna on the boys who will form the next generation of the men of Ireland cannot be over-estimated. The discipline of camp, parade and drill-hall will remain throughout their lives; the independence of thought, action and initiative acquired in the conducting of the routine work of the different corps will result in manliness and self-reliance, and lastly, the physical training and outdoor life will give them what some English chronicler said were possessed by their forefathers "strong bodies," as well as a healthy outlook.

It is not, however, in the camp and on the march that the most important work of the Fianna is accomplished, for from the National aspect it is much more important that the spirit of the Fenians should be kept alive, that the national instincts of the children

should be transformed into national convictions before they reach the age of manhood, and it is here the Fianna have triumphed. Their history classes give them a more intimate knowledge of the men who figured as heroes in their childish imaginations; they learn with undiluted joy of the glorious deeds of Owen Roe and Hugh O'Neill, of the supreme heroism of the men of '98, and the men of '67, who gloried in the service of Ireland, and their language classes bring them into closer touch with the spirit of the Gael—the spirit of the Fianna of Fionn, of Cuchullán and Fergus, whose deeds are recounted with enthusiasm, and whose lives stand forth as models of perfection for Irishmen.

And if the effect of the training of the Fianna is such on the individual who shall estimate the effect on the nation, when the hundreds of boys who are now in the different corps come to take their places in the National fight? Imbued with a belief in the righteousness of their cause, fired with a love for Ireland implanted in their hearts from childhood; with the example of great lives and great endeavours before them; we can look forward with confidence to that day which is surely coming; when the final struggle for the consummation of the hopes of Rossa and the others will take place. We know that the boys of the Fianna will be in the forefront of the fight, and we know that the boys of another generation will recount their deeds with the same pride as the boys of to-day recount the deeds of the Fianna of Fionn.

SEAN MAC GADHRA.

CUMANN NA mBAN

In the great revival of Nationalist spirit in Ireland during the past couple of years, or rather in its outward manifestation in the Irish Volunteer and kindred movements—for the spirit itself never ceases to exist, no aspect is more hopeful or inspiring than the splendid manner in which the women of Ireland have risen to the occasion—realised their responsibilities, and taken their rightful place by the side of their fellow-countrymen as an essential auxiliary force in Ireland's Army of Freedom. The part played by the women of Ireland at this momentous time of stress and crisis is quite worthy of the superb tradition of Irish womanhood in the National struggle from the remote times of their warrior Queens: Scotia and Maev; Mairgread O'Carroll, of Offaly; Ineen Dubh, the mother of Hugh Roe O'Donnell; the gallant women of Limerick; Mary Doyle, the heroine of Ross; Betsy Gray, of Ballynahinch; Mary McCracken, the devoted sister of that truly gallant Irishman, Henry Joy McCracken, and the betrothed of Tone's best loved friend, the handsome and lion-hearted Thomas Russell; Rose Hope, the faithful sister of the true and sturdy Jimmy Hope; and one who was faithful unto death, and whom British bribes or bayonets could not weaken nor terrorise, the humbly-born and noble-souled servant of Robert Emmet, the peerless Anne Devlin.

Then at a later period we had in the Young Ireland Movement many women of splendid character and attainments like Speranza (Lady Wilde); Mary Eva Kelly, and Ellen Downing; and the story of the revolutionary movement, of which O'Donovan Rossa was so prominent a figure, is also illumined by the names and deeds of devoted women like Ellen O'Leary, Mrs. Clarke Luby, sister of J. de Jean Frazer; Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa, Lizzie Duggan, sister of Denis Duggan; and those faithful Dublin women, Mrs. Boland

and Mrs. Butler, who in turn gave Stephens the shelter of their family circles in Dublin, when the English Government had the walls of the city placarded with the offer of £1,000 for the Fenian Chief's apprehension. And later still, in the troublous period of the Land League, Ireland had the services of many fearless and enthusiastic women, who stepped into the gap when the popular leaders were arrested, and helped to carry on the movement. Of the women nearer our own period there is no need that I should mention more than one; but she was, indeed, an outstanding figure, the most exquisite and Irish of our women singers, and the most uncompromising of militant Nationalists, Anna Johnston, of Belfast, or, as she is, perhaps, better known by her pen-name, "Ethna Carbery."

Certainly the women of our time have a glorious and an inspiring tradition to inspire them in their work for the old land.

And Cumann na mBan gives promise of worthily living up to that splendid standard. The organisation was founded in March, 1914; and from the first has had a central body of earnest and able helpers. Its primary objects are of an entirely practical character, and may be summarised as comprising the advancement of the cause of Irish liberty, by organising Irishwomen to help the Volunteer movement in every possible way, by helping to get arms and equipment, and by forming classes for the study of First Aid and Ambulance work. Many of the members have also learned rifle and revolver shooting, in which accomplishments they have shown much skill and proficiency. Such important work as signalling, map-making and scouting, also finds many earnest students among the members.

In the ranks of Cumann na mBan there is a place for every patriotic Irishwoman, and plenty of good work to be done. It is not by any means necessary that a girl or woman should be of Amazonian character to join the organisation, as there is full scope for the gentlest as for the most warlike activities. A great number of the members of some of the branches have taken out certificates in nursing and first-aid work, which will undoubtedly prove useful even if their possessors never hear a shot fired. The organisation should certainly appeal to all patriotic Irishwomen who would like to do something else besides standing idly by while the great destiny of their native land was being decided. It is only by taking a part in such good work, that the dream for which O'Donovan Rossa and his confederates suffered in English prisons can be brought to its full realisation.

G.

WHY THE CITIZEN ARMY HONOURS ROSSA

In honouring O'Donovan Rossa the workers of Ireland are doing more than merely paying homage to an unconquerable fighter. They are signifying their adhesion to the principle of which Rossa till his latest days was a living embodiment—the principle that the freedom of a people must in the last analysis rest in the hands of that people—that there is no outside force capable of enforcing slavery upon a people really resolved to be free, and valuing freedom more than life. We in Ireland have often forgotten that truth, indeed it may be even asserted that only an insignificant minority of the nation

ever learned it. And yet, that truth once properly adopted as the creed of a nation would become the salvation of the nation.

For slavery is a thing of the soul, before it embodies itself in the material things of the world. I assert that before a nation can be reduced to slavery its soul must have been cowed, intimidated or corrupted by the oppressor. Only when so cowed, intimidated or corrupted does the soul of a nation cease to urge forward its body to resist the imposition of the shackles of slavery; only when the soul so surrenders does any part of the body consent to make truce with the foe of its National existence.

When the soul is conquered the articulate expression of the voice of the nation loses its defiant accent, and taking on the whining colour of compromise, begins to plead for the body. The unconquered soul asserts itself, and declares its sanctity to be more important than the interests of the body; the conquered soul ever pleads first that the body may be saved even if the soul is damned.

For generations this conflict between the sanctity of the soul and the interests of the body has been waged in Ireland. The soul of Ireland preached revolution, declared that no blood-letting could be as disastrous as a cowardly acceptance of the rule of the conqueror, nay, that the rule of the conqueror would necessarily entail more blood-letting than revolt against the rule. In fitful moments of spiritual exaltation Ireland accepted that idea, and such men as O'Donovan Rossa becoming possessed of it became thenceforth the living embodiment of that gospel. But such supreme moments passed for the multitude, and the nation as a nation sank again into its slavery, and its sole articulate expression to reach the ears of the world were couched in the fitful accents of the

discontented, but spiritless slave—blatant in his discontent, spiritless in his acceptance of subjection as part of the changeless order of things.

The burial of the remains of O'Donovan Rossa in Irish soil, and the functions attendant thereon must inevitably raise in the mind of every worker the question of his or her own mental attitude to the powers against which the departed hero was in revolt. That involves the question whether those, who accept that which Rossa rejected have any right to take part in honour paid to a man whose only title to honour lies in his continued rejection of that which they have accepted. It is a question each must answer for himself or herself.

But it can neither be answered carelessly, nor evaded.

The Irish Citizen Army in its constitution pledges its members to fight for a Republican Freedom for Ireland. Its members are, therefore, of the number who believe that at the call of duty they may have to lay down their lives for Ireland, and have so trained themselves that at the worst the laying down of their lives shall constitute the starting point of another glorious tradition—a tradition that will keep alive the soul of the nation.

We are, therefore, present to honour O'Donovan Rossa by right of our faith in the separate destiny of our country, and our faith in the ability of the Irish Workers to achieve that destiny.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEER IN 1915

Of the Irish Volunteers as an organisation this is no place to speak. Of the causes that led to the founding of that organisation it is yet impossible to speak in such a way as to shut out political discussion; and political discussion should cease when the present duty of the Nation stands clear. But of the Irish Volunteer, of the man for Ireland in 1915, one can speak, as one can speak of O'Donovan Rossa in 1865, and so for ever.

Most Irishmen have grown up with the feeling, whether vague or clear, that the most noble thing for them in life, after the service of their God, would be battle for Ireland. Even those who have done little or nothing to arm themselves and their countrymen for battle have known that feeling strongly. It is not merely the love of country felt by the fatter nations, the love of the traditional ways of thought and of life familiar to them, the love that brings home-sickness to the heart with the fear of exile or of death. It is not merely the love of the sod of Ireland, the love of nature here. It is not merely the love of liberty, of the rights of man. It is not merely hatred of the age-long oppression suffered by our race. It springs not merely from economic grievance, or from grievance against the administration of alien law, or even against the denial of native law. It is the knowledge that there lives in this country, in this race, a holy cause that will be served and served in blood, and served still though it be betrayed by every man and woman of us but one. While the fire of this cause burns in one Irish heart, the Nation lives. It is our doom and our dower. Failure in its service has brought upon us the calamities of our history.

Adventure in its service has won glorious reward unsought, and has always forbidden the end. It is not governed by material advantage. Those who make the great journeys guide their course by the stars.

With this spirit ever moving them or troubling them, the Irishmen of this generation have grown up. Most of them have anxiously prayed that when their destined duty arrives their eyes may be made clear that they may know it, and their hands made cunning, that by some wild luck they may be skilled to serve it. Many have been confident that they will know it, and so have got themselves ready for it. Some have gone to meet it, prepared to bring it.

Until November, 1913, it was possible for Irishmen to feel vaguely this sense of duty and of destined service, to be taken or refused. Since then this much at least is clear, that all who are to take the service of this country must prepare themselves for that service. Those who before that time had talked of doing what the heroes of the Nation had done, those who had written essays or poems or plays, those who had made speeches in honour of Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill, or of Tone or Emmet or Rossa, all then found that, like the poet of Plato, they had uttered great and wise things which they themselves did not understand. They recognised that in them, with their reason and their calculation, there was another thing that looked through their eyes and beat with their hearts and spoke through their lips, and they knew that that other thing was the master of all their acts. That other thing told them that ease was to them a temptation of the devil, that the service of Ireland, to be a holy service, must be an arduous service. It told them that they should mistrust everything that came to them with rewards and promises of rewards. It told them that to seek fame in duty was a sin to Ireland, and a desire doomed to frustration.

The duty then was clear, and all to whom the heritage of nationality is given were gloriously glad.

Twenty months have passed since the first public enrolment of Irish Volunteers. The men who came at the beginning and have remained true to the undertaking they signed then, are now armed and trained to the use of arms. Others, who, through force from without or through a temporary failure in themselves, were led astray for a time by the English party divisions, which are the only political divisions among Irishmen, have come back and are coming back every day of late. And new men are coming in every day of late. Courage grows as our path is seen by all to be the old path. To-day for every man that is outlawed or imprisoned by the British Government hundreds know themselves Irishmen and join the Irish Volunteers. It is good for the Nation to know that Irishmen to-day are enduring what the men of the nobler generations endured, that the prison treatment which O'Donovan Rossa suffered in Chatham is suffered to-day in Mountjoy by Sean MacDiarmada.

The Irish Volunteer in 1915 is the heir to Irish Nationality, handed down from revolt to revolt since the alien plunderers came here seven hundred and fifty years ago. The Irish Volunteer has taken up in his generation the traditional policy of the Irish people,—abandoned for a few decades,—the policy of physical force. The Irish Volunteer stands pledged to the single service of Ireland in Ireland. He alters not his allegiance with change of circumstance. He owns one loyalty—to Ireland. He knows one duty—to Ireland. His deed cannot die into the air like a word. The ideal that he has conceived in his heart can never die; it is one for ever with love and honour and right; it is the ideal of his country free, in the happy enjoyment of the sacred gift that has kept her children true, and that leads him now to battle, to sacrifice and to victory.

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

ROSSA AS A POET

Although the literature of the Fenian movement has not the outstanding qualities of that produced during the '48 period, more especially in the domain of poetry, there was at the same time a fairly considerable number of contributions of good verse to the pages of the "Irish People," including a few poets of genuine power and accomplishment. Pre-eminent among these were T. C. Irwin, Dr. R. D. Joyce, J. F. O'Donnell ("Caviare"), and, of course, Charles Kickham, who, as a novelist, political writer and lyricist, is, perhaps, the most considerable literary figure of them all. Miss Fanny Parnell contributed some striking poems; and the editor's own sister, Miss Ellen O'Leary, also wrote occasional lyrics of much unaffected simplicity and charm. Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa, who has written many graceful poems, some of which are included in a volume published in New York in 1868, also wrote for the Fenian organ over the pseudonym "Clíodhna;" and there were a number of other writers whose aim was more in the direction of propaganda than deliberate artistic achievement.

Among these must be included the name of the hero-warrior whom all good Irishmen unite in honouring on this sad yet inspiring occasion. O'Donovan Rossa was too

active and ardent in the practical work of revolution to devote himself with the necessary assiduity to the cultivation of the poetic art. Whatever he felt impelled to say or write, came straight out and was transferred to the printed page, I imagine, with the minimum of polishing or correcting. That he had the essential stuff of poetry in his temperament, I have no doubt whatever; and although all his poems bear evidence of hasty execution, there are, at the same time, many stanzas which give evidence of what he might have accomplished in a finished style, had he taken his undoubted talent more seriously. But I am not sure that I do not prefer those rough-hewn, straightforward verses as they are. They are more characteristic of the bold, dashing, impetuous personality of the man than any more elaborate artistic productions could possibly be.

The bulk of Rossa's work in verse is small, and could easily be included in the series of pamphlets which are so useful and popular at the present era of "small-nationality" liberating. His best known poem, perhaps, is the infinitely pathetic "Jillen Andy," which is a veritable transcript from life, and indeed one might say from death also. It is the record of a famine burial in which Rossa himself participated as a youth, the grim details of which so impressed his imagination that he was able to set them forth with striking fidelity and uncompromising realism twenty years after. "Jillen Andy" was a poor widow-woman who died of starvation in black '47, in the town of Rosscarbery. Her son, Thade, came to Rossa to tell him of his mother's death, and to ask his aid in making her grave:—

"Now in the dark churchyard we work away,
The shovel in his hand, in mine the spade,
And seeing Thade cry, I cried myself that day,
For Thade was fond of me, and I was fond of Thade."

'After describing the carrying of the poor, wasted body to the graveside, there is the following touching description of the laying of the coffinless body in the clay:—

"I stand within that grave, nor wide, nor deep,
The slender wasted body at my feet;
What wonder is it if strong men will weep
O'er famine-stricken Jillien in her winding-sheet.

Her head I try to pillow on a stone,
But it will hang one side as if the breath
Of famine gaunt into the corpse had blown,
And blighted in the nerves the rigid strength of death.

'Hand me that stone, child.' In his hands 'tis placed;
Down channelling his cheeks are tears like rain;
The stone within his handkerchief is cased,
And then I pillow on it Jillien's head again."

Recalling this graphically described scene in prison, where the poem was written, Rossa continues:—

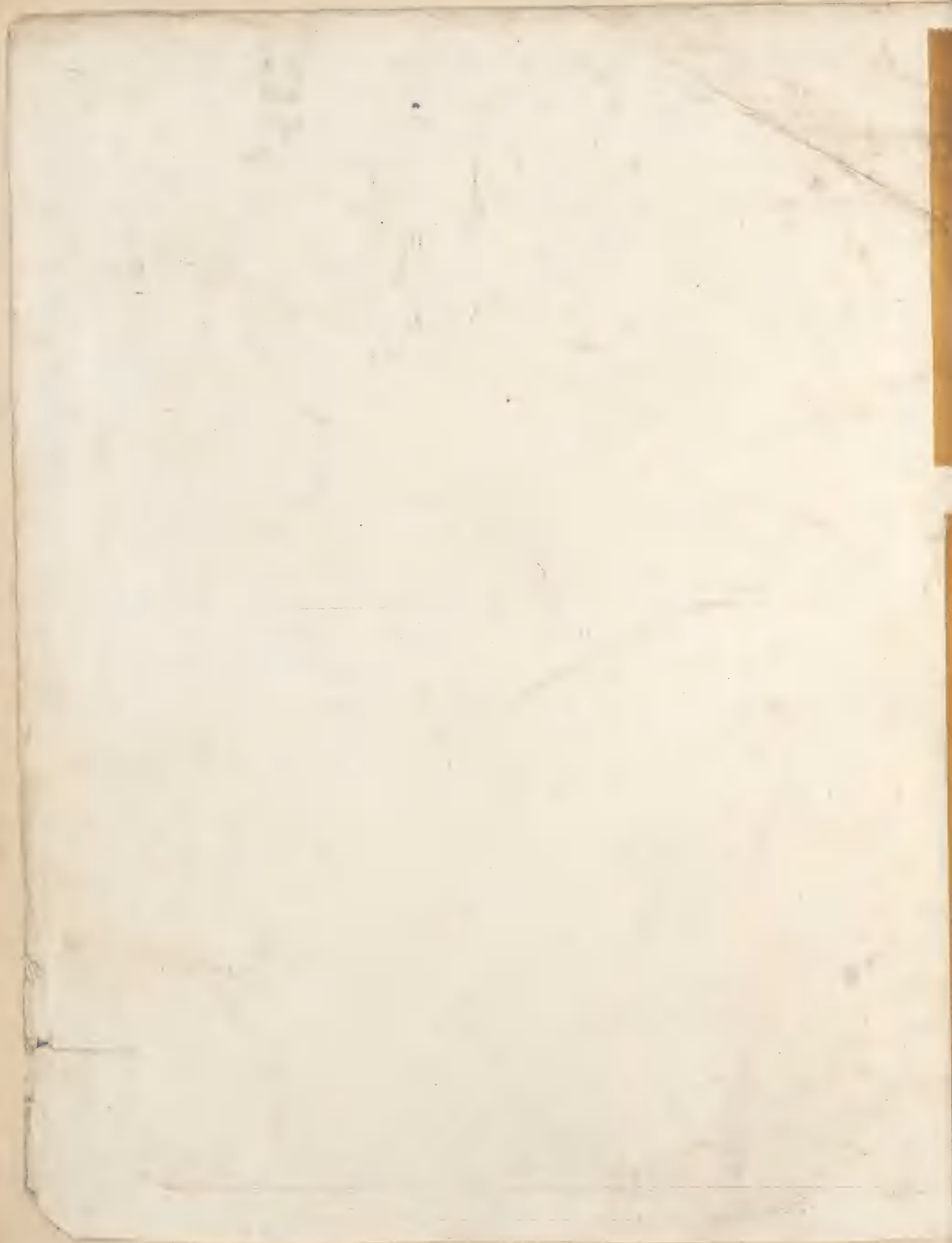
"Welcome those memories of scenes of youth,
That nursed my hate of tyranny and wrong,
That helmed my manhood in the path of truth,
And help me now to suffer calmly and be strong."



At the Solemn Requiem Mass



Leaving the Pro-Cathedral



One of Rossa's most finished poems was written on the occasion of poor Edward Duffy's death in Millbank Prison, where Rossa himself was also immured for a time. Another fellow-prisoner named Lynch whispered the words, "Duffy is dead," through the grating of Rossa's cell one morning, and one of the stanzas describes the effect the sad news had upon him:—

"That whisper through the grating has thrilled through all my veins,
 'Duffy is dead!' A noble soul has slipped the tyrant's chains,
 And whatever wounds they gave him, their lying books will show,
 How they very kindly treated him, more like a friend than foe.

For these are Christian Pharisees, the hypocrites of creeds,
 With the Bible on their lips, and the devil in their deeds,
 Too merciful in public gaze to take our lives away,
 Too anxious here to plant in us the seeds of life's decay."

I can only quote one other stanza:—

"To lay your head upon the block for faith in Freedom's God,
 To fall in fight for Freedom in the land your fathers trod;
 For Freedom on the scaffold high to breathe your latest breath,
 Or anywhere 'gainst tyranny is dying a noble death."

Rossa also made some translations from the Gaelic which he loved so well; and these I think if collected and published along with his original poems would make a little volume which all good Irishmen would like to have among their cherished literary possessions.

O'LEARY CURTIS.

LEADERS

Where loud-voiced leaders vaunt a claim
 They have no place, they have no name,
 The tenders of the Phoenix Flame.

Without a word, without a sign,
 They move upon that old, divine
 High mission at the inmost shrine.

Yet have they more enduring place,
 The men of Ireland's hero race,
 And they have names that still can stir
 The deep unconquered heart of her.

S. O'S.

THE OBSEQUIES AND FUNERAL CEREMONIES

THE PRELIMINARIES

In these days of the realm's peril, when news from America and other foreign countries is finely filtered in the realm's post office, it was not expected that many details concerning the death of Rossa and the proposed arrangements for his funeral in Ireland would reach us. We were consequently not disappointed when the news was cut off with the simple announcement that Rossa had departed. It was, however, known to us that it was always his desire, and that for many years his family had decided to bring him home to rest in Ireland, and while provisional preparations for a fitting public demonstration were under consideration Mr. T. J. Clarke received a letter from Mrs. Rossa requesting him to take charge of the funeral arrangements. The request came to Mr. Clarke as a very old and intimate friend of Rossa, as a Fenian who had suffered as Rossa suffered for the faith of the Fenians, and as one who for several years occupied in Chatham Prison the cell which our benevolent rulers had specially prepared for the discomfort of Rossa. Mr. Clarke, being President of the Wolfe Tone Memorial Association, and believing that that body should by right have charge of the proceedings, immediately communicated to the Committee Mrs. Rossa's request. The Committee forthwith proceeded with the arrangements. A number of prominent Irish-Irelanders were invited to associate themselves with the work in hand, and formed into sub-committees, each with defined duties; these sub-committees met from day to day and reported progress bi-weekly. The work of each was so definitely marked out that in no instance should there be any clash or waste of energy through overlapping, and when the duties of each were accomplished the whole fitted together, forming a complete and finished scheme which, as was evident on the day of the funeral, worked quite smoothly and without a hitch.

It would be unfair to single out any one of the thirteen sub-committees for special mention, as the work of each was accomplished with care and promptitude, and when one considers the time at their disposal—barely two weeks—and the multiplicity of detail not always apparent to the outsider, the magnitude of the task is apparent. There are, however, a few of the committees the work of which was more elaborate and deserves some mention, not, indeed, by way of special praise, but more to give an idea to the outsider of the detail—sometimes small but always necessary—involved in the carrying out of an undertaking of such proportions as the Rossa funeral demonstration.

The marshalling arrangements were, without doubt, the most difficult part of the work, and that part, in which the slightest hitch would at once have become evident, was undertaken by the Headquarters General Staff of the Irish Volunteers, and great credit and congratulation is due them for the success of their efforts. From beginning to end the funeral procession was a tribute to their efficiency, and augurs well for their success in that greater undertaking, the carrying out of which we hope will crown their final endeavours. It must be remembered that when the work was handed over to them by the Wolfe Tone Memorial Association there was no possible method by which they could even approximate the number who would take part in the procession, nor did they know the times of arrival of the trains bringing the contingents from the country; yet each contingent as it arrived was assigned to its position without the slightest hesitation. There

seemed no limit to the resource of those in command. The Irish Volunteers have good reason for pride and confidence in their Headquarters General Staff. It should be mentioned that during the days of the lying in state valuable assistance was rendered the Volunteers by the members of the Irish Citizen Army and the boys of the Fianna Eireann.

It was thought that just now when so many demands are being made on the pockets of those who believe as Rossa believed that the work of the Finance Committee, whose duty it was to find money to defray the many expenses of the undertaking, would have been rather difficult; but, though no public appeal was made, subscriptions came in from all parts of the country, and within a few days after the funeral the Committee were in a position to close the subscription lists, as sufficient funds were in hands to cover the entire cost of all expenses incurred.

The sub-committee, whose duty it was to make arrangements with the railway companies, had the most unsatisfactory part of the work, as our Irish railways are not noted for the patriotic tendencies of their directors. In no instance were we able to make satisfactory arrangements or obtain facilities for all those who wished to take part in the proceedings. In fact one of the railway companies insisted that the Committee deposit the entire cost of the running of a train to Dublin before they would issue tickets. In other cases, while the arrangements were more satisfactory, they were everywhere inadequate, and at the last moment it was decided to hold local demonstrations in several districts throughout the country where the railway companies had disappointed the people. These local demonstrations took the form of processions to places of patriotic interest in the several districts in which they were held, and at each the disappointment of the people found expression in a censure on the particular railway company responsible. A typical incident may be quoted: At a meeting of a Southern Board of Guardians one of the members proposing a resolution, which was carried unanimously, censuring the railway company, said: "If our Volunteers knew this we would have made arrangements to start four or five days ago, and be present at the funeral. We could foot it. No man did so much for Ireland and suffered so much at the hands of British Government, and it is a pity that we would not get an opportunity of paying our respects to him." Were it not for the action of the Irish railways the Rossa Funeral would have been a gathering such as O'Connell had, in his day of monster meetings, never dreamed.

The numerous wreaths which came from all parts of Ireland, from England and America, were taken charge of by the Funeral Committee, which also received the resolutions of sympathy from the public bodies, national societies, trades organisations, and private individuals throughout the country, and handed them over to Mrs. Rossa.

IN THE CATHEDRAL

The remains of Rossa arrived in Dublin on Tuesday, July 27th, and in the afternoon of the same day were taken to the Pro-Cathedral, Marlborough Street. It had been the original intention of the Committee that the public ceremonies should open with the Solemn Requiem Mass on Wednesday morning, but it would seem that the people of Dublin had anticipated the arrival, as in a very few minutes the church was crowded. Men and women, old and young, passed in continuous procession round the catafalque

all the afternoon, that they might reverently lay their hands on the casket which contained the remains of him who now was but a sacred memory. This continued until the evening, when all the Confraternities of the city united, and the Requiem Office was intoned in the presence of a large congregation. On Wednesday morning Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated; it was a most impressive and touching ceremony. From the nave of the stately church one looked upon the black-robed priests on the altar; to the right, the surpliced choristers; in front, the catafalque with its three candles on either side burning dimly like far-away stars, and the four Irish Volunteers standing like silent, soldier sentinels at the bier of a dead king. One felt that the silent and reverent crowd which literally filled every part of the church were spectators at some spiritual drama, the inner significance of which entered into the soul, and which the body could but feebly realise. And from the depths of the intense silence came, now the voices of the priests, now the responses of the choir with solemn rhythm in soul-stirring appeal—an appeal to the God of righteousness, to the God of battles for mercy on the soul of a Fenian who would have died fighting. And I am sure that many times during the ceremony prayers went forth from the hearts of those present for strength of purpose and strength of arm to carry on the good work to which Rossa had given his life.

Among those who attended the Requiem Mass were clergy from almost every community in Ireland: Benedictine, Dominican, Vincentian, Carmelite, Capuchin and secular; priests from Dublin, Donegal, Mayo, Sligo, Cork, Limerick, Wexford, Kerry and Clare, priests from Oxford, Coventry and Newcastle-on-Tyne, all had come specially to pay tribute to Rossa. There were members of Parliament, members of the Dublin Corporation, and representatives from almost every public body in the city and county of Dublin. Many men there were who have grown old in the service of Ireland, who had known, loved, and followed Rossa, and still are strong in the faith that was his. All classes and sections were united in praying for him who is dead. Children were brought to the church to add their prayers to the prayers of those who understood. The prayer of one little girl who was much too young to formulate one herself was dictated by an old woman, an old woman who, mayhap, had seen and lived through many of the scenes which Rossa had seen and lived through and which had steeled his resolve and hardened his heart—it was a prayer more eloquent than a Solemn Mass. It was, and it came from the fulness of an Irish heart, “May the Lord have mercy on his soul, for he was a true man.”

After the Requiem Mass, the celebrant came to the catafalque, the absolution was pronounced, and the service ended. A company of Irish Volunteers then marshalled the people into processional order, and conducted them slowly through the church around the bier of Rossa, and into the street. It was a procession without an end; for some hours the citizens of Dublin poured into the Cathedral and joined those who were passing through, and when the time came for the removal of the remains to the City Hall the Cathedral was still crowded. At four o'clock in the afternoon the Guard of Honour, provided by the Irish Volunteers and the Citizen Army, arrived, and the remains were escorted to the City Hall for the lying-in-state.

IN THE CITY HALL

The City Hall at Cork Hall in Dublin, in which is centred the Municipal Government of Ireland's capital, the portals of which few of the citizens have entered, and the existence of which is accepted by the majority in the same light as any other of the city

buildings not intimately connected with the routine of their daily lives, holds henceforth a new interest not only for the citizens of Dublin, but for all the people of Ireland, for it was here that the body of Rossa lay in state from Wednesday, July 28th, to Sunday, August 1st, the day of the funeral. The stately Rotunda of the Hall had been suitably draped in black, and in the shadow of the statue of O'Connell a bier had been erected to receive the casket. A great concourse had assembled outside the Pro-Cathedral and along the route to witness the removal and progress of the remains through the streets, and, despite a torrential downpour of rain, thousands spontaneously formed into a procession which had assumed immense proportions when Cork Hill was reached. On the arrival at the City Hall the casket was placed on the bier, and Miss Eileen O'Donovan Rossa, the dead patriot's daughter, who was accompanied by her mother, removed the cover revealing the face of Rossa as

"He lay like a warrior taking his rest."

Mother and daughter then knelt for some moments in prayer, the casket was draped with the Irish Republican tricolour of green, white and orange, by Mr. T. J. Clarke, the President of the Wolfe Tone Memorial Association and of the Funeral Committee, the Guard presented arms, and wreaths were placed in position by the Irish Volunteers, the Citizen Army, Cumann na mBan, and the children of Mr. T. J. Clarke, two of the little ones, who were too small to reach the casket, being lifted by their mother to enable them to look upon the face. It was a touching little episode which moved all who witnessed it: one which will have left an impression on the minds of those children to be cherished all their lives. The public were now admitted, and in a few minutes the Rotunda was filled to overcrowding, the doors had perforce to be closed and the lying-in-state was opened by the Rev. M. O'Flanagan (Cliffoney, Co. Sligo) with an oration which we print elsewhere.

Most people, particularly the Irish, maintain a holy respect for the dead, and in the presence of Death we are accustomed to speak in hushed whispers, but those who were fortunate enough to gain admission to the City Hall during the panegyric spoken by Father O'Flanagan could not restrain their feelings, and several times during the oration burst forth into rapturous applause. The fervid eloquence, sympathetic voice and evident patriotism of the speaker, as he spoke of the great courage and the great hope of Rossa, of his unbounded love for Ireland, of his sufferings and exile, of the lessons to be learned from his life, and the glorious example to be followed, touched the heartstrings of his audience, and when at the close he said in reverberating tones that at this moment when all over Europe the red blood of fighting men was being poured out on the altar of patriotism, Irishmen also should be willing to risk danger, trials, and sacrifices for love of Ireland, the restraint of his hearers was gone, and for some minutes the walls of Dublin's old City Hall resounded to such applause as would have gladdened and filled with hope the great heart of the Rossa that was.

The scenes enacted from now until the very moment of the funeral almost baffle description. The City Hall became for the time a holy place to be silently and reverently entered. The bier of Rossa was as a shrine at which people poured out love and homage, as an altar to which fathers brought their children even as Hamilcar Barca brought his son, Hannibal, to swear eternal vengeance on the enemies of his country.

Outside the City Hall a guard of the Irish Volunteers, the Citizen Army, and the Fianna Eireann, had been stationed, and the people as they came along were formed into a queue which never seemed to diminish. Busy people snatching a few moments from

their labours in the forenoon, in the hope of being able to gain admission without difficulty or delay, found hundreds waiting patiently for their turn, they returned in the afternoon to find the queue longer. All day and every day for four days, in rain and sunshine, numbers were falling into the ranks. Here side by side might be seen the editor and the newsboy, the merchant and the labourer, the professor and the pupil, and now and then a khaki-clad British soldier, in whose breast the name of Rossa had awakened memories, would fall in; young and old, men and women, of all sections and of all classes, met together, differences forgotten for the moment, with one desire only—to gaze on the face of the dead Fenian.

And inside the building, what stirring little scenes were enacted, as slowly and silently the people filed past the catafalque! Acts of love and devotion, small in themselves, and all unconsciously performed, sent thrills of pride through the heart of the onlooker. Here were no dramatic mourning scenes, no ostentatious grief. Everywhere were evidences of cherished memories of a golden, if tragic, past. Now comes along an old man led by a little girl. Slowly and with difficulty he walks through the hall; arriving at the bier he places his hand and the hand of the girl on the coffin; passing on he stops, looks lovingly on the dead face, reverently crosses himself and passes into the outer world with a light on his countenance, a look of pride and thankfulness that it was given to him to see the face of him whose name had passed into a proverb, while he was yet a boy. Here a father and mother have brought their babies to touch their hands on the coffin, to let them look on the features, so that when they are old enough they can say with pride:—"I laid my hand on the coffin of Rossa, I looked into his face." And the khaki-clad soldier who now stands at the salute! however the memories re-awakened may have brought shame to his breast his face shows none of it—just a look of pride and thanksgiving. Even he will treasure that last impression until mayhap his blood flows out on a European battlefield, or a hill in Gallipoli, or who knows! old memories reawakened are mighty forces, and the Irish heart that beats under the khaki tunic may yet give its blood for Ireland. And so they pass on.

On Sunday morning, when the contingents arrived from the country to take part in the funeral procession, the pressure outside the City Hall was unusually great, and the queue was maintained with difficulty. The doors were kept open until the last minute, so as to give as many as possible an opportunity of passing through, but at two o'clock in the afternoon when, at the request of Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa, Mr. T. J. Clarke, who was an old intimate friend of Rossa, placed the cover on the casket there were still many hundreds clamouring for admission. The remains were then taken to the hearse by members of the Irish Volunteers and Citizen Army, and the funeral procession started.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION

A writer in an English daily paper, wondering at the magnitude and good order of the Rossa funeral procession, said that old memories die hard. He was quite wrong. Old memories do not die—at least in Ireland. Sometimes, they seem to slumber, to have been cast away, but never for a generation. The mind of each generation is a storehouse for the collective impressions of all the preceding generations, and the men of '98, '48, '65 and '67 live again in the minds of the men of 1915. And when it would seem that the memory of those who had fought and struggled and suffered for Ireland had been



Passing through Dame Street

blotted out from the minds of the Irish people, something happens, and these same struggles and sufferings are lived again, and recollection brings with it the desires and the courage of the great dead. Such an event was the return of Rossa; his name and deeds had long since been history, his manly methods and his policy of the strong right arm were being scoffed at by the weaklings and the sycophants who would wrap himself and his memory in the folds of the Union Jack and bury them both. But the cablegram which brought the news of his death brought also a new hope, a new spirit, and a new life into Ireland, or rather should I say a resurgence of the old hope, the old spirit and the old life. The return of Rossa was as the return of a king to his people—a victorious king returning to a jubilant people—and the procession through the streets of Dublin city was a veritable march of triumph. Rossa alive the English Government could imprison, could torture or could exile, but Rossa dead was triumphant, and all Ireland rejoiced with him in his triumph. He had lived a Fenian, he died a Fenian, and his death had made all Ireland Fenian. There was then no weeping, no threnody, but in the hearts of the thousands who followed the remains to Glasnevin was the thrill of victory; pride and exaltation shone on every countenance. Rossa's triumph was indeed Ireland's triumph.

It is very many years since the streets of Dublin presented such an animated appearance as they did on the morning of Rossa's funeral. From an early hour the people literally poured in from outlying suburbs, and later the country contingents began to arrive in special trains, of which seventeen arrived in Dublin that morning. It was soon evident that the procession would be one of the largest that the citizens of Dublin in any generation ever witnessed. The greatest praise and credit must, therefore, be given to the staff of the Irish Volunteers, who were entirely responsible for the marshalling arrangements. To the outsider nothing seemed to have been overlooked; in fact it seemed that every contingency had been anticipated, and from beginning to end everything seemed to fit in with mathematical precision; there was not a single hitch. Whatever differences of opinion there might be as to the procession being larger than any other seen in Dublin, there can be no doubt that never in any city was there a more regular and orderly gathering.

It was close on 2.45 when the signal to start was received at the City Hall, and the Dublin Brigade of the Irish Volunteers, headed by the St. James's Band, marched off at slow pace. They were followed by the Dublin Cavalry Corps of the Irish Volunteers. Next came the hearse with the remains, the coffin being completely hidden by a great mass of wreaths. A carriage which followed was also filled with floral tributes. The inner guard around the hearse was made up of survivors of the Fenian Movement from all over Ireland: men who, like Rossa, held steadfast to the end; outside them marched a Guard comprised of equal numbers of Irish Volunteers and of members of the Citizen Army and the Fianna Eireann. For a short distance the march was slow, the Guard reversed arms, and the strains of the Dead March made melancholy music. As the cortege proceeded through Dame Street with slow and measured tread, the multitude which thronged the street, the windows and every available point of vantage, uncovered their heads, and no sound could be heard save the subdued notes of the bands and the footfall of the processionists. After having proceeded thus for a short distance a new note was sounded—a note of triumph, the bands played martial music, and the procession proceeded at quick march.

Following the hearse and the carriage containing the wreaths was a coach occupied by Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa and her daughter, Miss Eileen O'Donovan Rossa, accompanied by Father O'Flanagan. Then came the committees having charge of the arrangements, the members of the Dublin Corporation (the Lord Mayor, being absent, was represented by

his locum tenens), other carriages containing wreaths. Next came the Lord Mayor and members of the Cork Corporation. Following were the General Council of the Irish Volunteers, accredited delegates from associations, and the Headquarters General Staff of the Irish Volunteers, followed by the main body of Irish Volunteers, all of whom carried arms. Galway Company led the provincial contingents, being accompanied by the Granuaile Pipers' Band; next, companies of the Athenry Battalion carrying pikes. The Waterford Company came next, and was headed by the members of the Waterford Corporation; large numbers from Tullamore, Tyrrell's Pass, Edenderry, Athy, the Athy Fife and Drum Band; Irish Volunteers from Enniscorthy, from Bray; the Boys of St. Joseph's (De La Salle) College, Manchester, with Pipers, and in National costume; Belfast Irish Volunteers, Fintan Lalor Pipers, Liverpool Irish Volunteers, Cork City Irish Volunteers, with colours and Band; Irish Volunteers from Galtee (Cork), and Ballindee (Cork); Dundalk Emmet Band and Irish Volunteers; Drogheda Irish Volunteers, Tipperary Irish Volunteers, Clan O'Neill Irish Volunteers, Thurles.

The National Volunteers, who marched without arms, followed. They were led by the Dublin contingent, and comprised companies from the following places:—Blackrock, with band; Belfast, Kildare, Dunboyne, Kilrush (with band), Kingstown (with pipers), Sandycroft (with band), Dundrum, Dundalk, Dunleer and Thurles. The Fianna Eireann contingents from all over Ireland, and a couple of companies from England, came next, and were accompanied by a band of pipers. Immediately after the Fianna were the members of the Kilkenny Corporation, and representatives of the G. A. A. from every county in Ireland, the members of Cumann na mBan followed, and were made up of sections from various parts to the number of nearly 1,000 women; after whom came the Fingal pipers, the Irish Women Workers' Union and Girl Scouts, the Irish Citizen Army, fully armed and equipped, and accompanied by band, the Irish Transport Workers' Union, the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters with banner; Dublin Letterpress Printers, U. K. S. Coachmakers, Lusk Pipers' Band, I. N. A. Bakers' Society, A. O. H. (Irish American Alliance) with Ladies' Sections and the Hibernian Rifles carrying arms, Father Mathew Band, Dublin Housepainters, Barrack Street Band, Metropolitan Housepainters, with band; Ireland's Own Band, United Corporation Labourers' Union and Band, Evicted Tenants' Society, Brick and Stonelayers' Society, with banner and band. The Irish National Foresters, with Ladies' Auxiliary, Emmet Costume Association and band; St. Patrick's Boy Scouts, Kilkenny Band, a contingent from Togher, Co. Wicklow, Limerick Corporation, Queenstown Urban Council, members of the National Volunteers Executive, the Leinstermen's Association (Liverpool), Wicklowmen's '98 Association, A. O. H., Balla; A. O. H. Ardee; Parnell Commemoration Association, Dunboyne Hurlers, with draped camans, and a rearguard of Irish Volunteers.

Amongst the public bodies represented were:—the Dublin Corporation, and Boards of Guardians; Limerick Corporation, Waterford Corporation, Kilkenny Corporation, King's County Co. Council, Tullamore Rural District Council, Westport Urban Council, Castlebar Urban Council, Castlebar Rural Council, Queenstown Urban Council, Tralee Board of Guardians, Tralee Co. Council, Tralee Chamber of Commerce, Cork Corporation, Galway U.D.C., Galway County Council, Galway Board of Guardians, and a deputation from Skibbereen (Rossa's native place) consisting of the Chairman, U.D.C.; the Town Clerk, members of the Council, and several others.

The route of the procession was:—Dame Street, George's Street, Aungier Street, York Street, Stephen's Green west and north, Dawson Street, Nassau Street, Grafton

Street, College Green, Westmoreland Street, O'Connell Street, Parnell Square, North Frederick Street, Blessington Street, Berkeley Road, North Circular Road, Phibsborough Road and Finglas Road. All along the route from mid-day thousands of people had taken up positions, every window was crowded, every vantage point was availed of, the more daring of the spectators climbed upon the monuments, all were anxious to obtain a good view of the cortege. Yet there was no crush, good order and quietness prevailed throughout the day. Never had such an impressive scene taken place in Ireland. Here were several hundred thousand people, some of whom had waited for five or six hours to lift their hats in token of tribute to the memory of him who was being laid to rest, and a procession which took almost an hour and a quarter to pass at quick march, yet there was no sign of restiveness, the solemnity and significance of the occasion permeated the crowd, and a respectful silence was maintained all along the route from Cork Hill to Glasnevin.

IN GLASNEVIN

When the vanguard of the procession reached Finglas Road there were upwards of twenty thousand people waiting for admission to the Cemetery, and had the gates not been closed for some hours it would have been completely overcrowded. However, after some delay the Volunteers succeeded in making an avenue through the dense mass of people, and the cortege passed into the Cemetery. The remains were first taken into the Chapel, prayers for the dead were recited, and absolution pronounced by the Chaplain; the responses being intoned by the several clergy present. Thence slowly the cortege marched to the graveside where the Volunteers had formed a large square in the centre of which was the grave, where Rossa was to take his last long rest. When the coffin was placed in the grave the burial service was recited, and when he who had loved Ireland was laid in her bosom, Father O'Flanagan recited prayers in Irish, after which, Mr. P. H. Pearse, who wore the uniform of a Commandant of the Irish Volunteers delivered the funeral oration which we give elsewhere. Speaking first in Irish, the native tongue of Rossa, and afterwards in English, Mr. Pearse soon caught the hearts of his listeners, and held them. Cold, lifeless print cannot convey even an idea of the depth and intensity of feeling in which his words were couched. Calm and deliberate, in soft yet thrilling accents, his oration was almost sublime. Here was no rhetoric, no mathematical oratory; it was the soul of a patriot breathing words of love and devotion, of hope and truth and courage, no threnody, but a paeon of triumph such as might have come from out the tomb by which we were. Standing in silence, almost in awe, with heads lowered, our emotion found an outlet in tears as we listened to the almost jubilant tones of the orator when he told us:—

“They think that they have pacified Ireland. They think that they have purchased half of us and intimidated the other half. They think that they have forseen everything, think that they have provided for everything, but the fools, the fools, the fools!—they have left us our Fenian dead, and while Ireland holds these graves, Ireland unfree can never be at peace.”

For some moments after Mr. Pearse had finished there was an intense, an all pervading, silence, then we who are accustomed to stand subdued in the home of Death gave forth round after round of cheers which surely must have gladdened the spirits of Rossa and his colleagues, O'Mahony, Stephens, and O'Leary, who lie so near. A firing

party, composed of members of the Irish Volunteers and the Citizen Army, then came forward, three volleys were fired and the "Last Post" sounded by St. James's Band. It was a day of thrills and emotions, but the most impressive, the most gratifying spectacle of it all were the rifles of Irish soldiers firing a farewell volley at the graveside of a Fenian.

Thus we took our farewell of Rossa. The sickle of the reaper Death claimed him when the fruition of his heart's hope seemed near to come about. He sleeps in the land of his fathers, in the land he loved with a mighty love. May its clay rest lightly on his ashes, and may his spirit guide us along the path he trod until his life's dream is realised.

SEAN MAC GADHRA.

ORATION

(BY REV. M. O'FLANAGAN AT RECEPTION OF THE REMAINS IN CITY HALL.)

MEN OF IRELAND:—We have assembled here to-day to welcome to the City Hall of our country's capital the mortal remains of one of the noble felons of our land. He lived to a great old age. His name had already grown into Irish history when most of us were boys. He was one of those who rose in the dark and evil days to right their native land. He was hated by the enemies of Irish nationality, but the measure of their hatred is the measure of our love.

He was a criminal in the eyes of the English Government. But his crimes are his title deeds to sainthood in Ireland's patriot litany.

A few days ago our brothers beyond the Atlantic carried his body with love and reverence to the edge of the ocean. Many of the leading Irish citizens of the States were there, to testify to their admiration of his life, and their adhesion to the principles for which he lived and suffered. Men who had been estranged for years, clasped hands again beside the bier of O'Donovan Rossa, and promised to forget ancient feuds and work together for Ireland.

We have received him into Ireland in the same spirit of unity and brotherhood. Many who have been estranged by the extraordinary occurrences of the past year or two will be brought together again over the body of our hero.

We love the name of O'Donovan Rossa, and we purpose to place his remains amongst those of the noblest of the uncrowned Kings of Ireland, because he typifies to us the spirit of patriotism, the passion of patriotism, and the virtue of patriotism. Patriotism is an instinct, grows up naturally in the hearts of men. But the instinct of patriotism has to be cultivated so as to make it a virtue. O'Donovan Rossa had both the instinct of patriotism and the virtue of patriotism. And patriotism is composed of two feelings—love of country and hatred for the oppressors of one's country. There was a time when many Irishmen felt as if they were called upon



Entering the Mortuary Chapel, Glasnevin



At the Graveside

to apologise for the love they bore their country. That time has gone for ever, and the time is rapidly coming when Irishmen will apologise neither for love nor hatred, because there is no real red blood in the heart of the man who pretends to love his country, and who, at the same time, pretends not to hate the enemies and the oppressors of his country.

O'Donovan Rossa was great in his love of Ireland. But, even beyond his love of Ireland there stood out still stronger in his character his manly hatred of the oppressors of Ireland; and I hope that the spirit that was his during his long life-time will be one which will go abroad throughout Ireland, and sink deep into the hearts of the Irish people. And this love and hatred are both Christian virtues, and virtues which Christian men are bound to cultivate in their hearts. We say, everyday, in our Act of Contrition that we love God and hate sin; and, in a similar way we should say that we love our country and hate any power that would continue to deprive our country of its right to freedom, of its right to live its own life in its own way, free from anything that would cripple its individuality, or that would make it a lifeless, soulless imitation, of another land.

Love of country, love of Ireland, means more than love of its hills and its valleys, its rugged mountains and broad plains, and of the sunshine and shower that cross its sweet and tender face. All that is contained in love of country. But love of country contains much more. That is but the physical setting of our patriotism. Love of country, above all things, means the love of its people. It means love of the people of Ireland, not merely as men and women, but as Irish men and women. We are bound to love all men because of those things that are common to all men. But we are bound to love our own people with a special and peculiar love, a love that is not founded upon the common characteristics of the human race, but one which is founded upon the special and distinctive character of our own nationality. We are bound to love them not merely for the things in which they resemble other nations, but still more for those things by which they differ from other nations. And loving them for their own special and distinctive character we are obliged to do everything in our power to secure the free and untrammelled development of all that is good and noble in that character. Hence there comes with the love we bear the people of Ireland, growing out of that love, inseparably united with that love, a hatred of anything that would destroy our distinctive civilisation, which would uproot our language, quench in our hearts a knowledge of the past and which would tell us to remember everything outside of Ireland but to forget the things that are within Ireland.

Ireland has not forgotten through seven hundred years of struggle, and, now, when forces are working in the world, which, once, more, bring bright before our eyes the hope that some avenue will be opened up through which Ireland may march to freedom, we are not going to forget. There never was a time in the history of Ireland when it was more necessary for our people to think for themselves. There are a great many people in Ireland to-day who are afraid to think. But, thanks be to God, they are making a beginning at last, and the old catch-cries and platitudes are not going down the throats of the Irish people to-day as they were a few months ago.

We love O'Donovan Rossa because he was true, to the end of his life, to the principles of his boyhood, and the same love which O'Donovan Rossa had, and which survived six years of brutal treatment in English prisons, remained with him to the end of his life—and with the love there remained the same hatred. Do

not believe unscrupulous politicians who, in their drowning struggles will grasp at any straw, when they tell you that O'Donovan Rossa was false to the principles of his youth. Above all, do not believe those who in life hated and oppressed him, and who despised all the ideals that were dearest to his heart; do not believe them when they tell you that he changed in his old age. Rather believe those whose love and fidelity tended at his bedside during the long years of his final illness, and to whom his memory is dearer than anything else in life; and they can tell you that the principles of O'Donovan Rossa's old age were the same as those of his youth, and that the Ireland Rossa loved to the end was an Ireland free—absolutely free—from any external control whatever, a nation independent, the equal of any other independent nation in the world. At the present time nationality is in the ascendant. Its stock has gone up in the market. Perhaps some of the bidders are hypocrites; but, the fact that they are compelled to bid shows that nationality counts for a great deal in the world to-day. But the men of Ireland should make it clear that the principles of nationality are no less sacred by the shores of the Atlantic than they are along the slopes of the Carpathians, or by the shores of the Danube; that if we have great powers in the world to-day who profess that they are fighting for the liberty of small nationalities, and that if these powers are not sincere in their professions, that we shall do our part to tear the mask of hypocrisy from their faces.

Let us not be afraid to love Ireland with all our hearts to-day, nor to give free voice to our love. O'Donovan Rossa was not afraid to do so when it was much more dangerous than it is now. He was, indeed, banished from Ireland for his love of Ireland, and to-day banishment from Ireland is one of the penalties of love of Ireland; but, at least, the banishments which we have to-day have not, so far, brought in their train the savage treatment meted out to O'Donovan Rossa. Let his spirit be amongst us! Let us try to emulate his courage! Let us be fearless! All over Europe men are laying down their lives through love of their country, and shall it be said that Irishmen are the only men in Europe who are not prepared to risk danger, trials and sacrifice through love of their old historic land?

We require in Ireland to-day the very best affections of the inhabitants of the country. We require their very best thought and their very best care. The love of country that is not restrained, that is not guided by reason that does not take into account all that may be gained from a knowledge of the past in steering the future—such love may do injury instead of benefit. But let us not be afraid to face the problem squarely, and to make up our minds as men what attitude men should take up. Let us be united. We cannot have absolute unity—it is not to be found in any country. But, at least, let us have substantial unity, such unity as is feasible in the circumstances, and there is no reason why we should not lift up our hearts in hope for the future and believe that the coming of the remains of heroic O'Donovan Rossa amongst us may be the starting-point of a new epoch in the history of Ireland.

“Oh, never fear for Ireland, boys,
For she has soldiers still.”

Α ΣΑΕΥΕΑΙΔΑ,

We stand at Rossa's grave not in sadness but rather in exaltation of spirit that it has been given to us to come thus into so close a communion with that brave and splendid Gael. Splendid and holy causes are served by men who are themselves splendid and holy. O'Donovan Rossa was splendid in the proud manhood of him, splendid in the heroic grace of him, splendid in the Gaelic strength and clarity and truth of him. And all that splendour and pride and strength was compatible with a humility and a simplicity

of devotion to Ireland, to all that was olden and beautiful and Gaelic in Ireland, the holiness and simplicity of patriotism of a Michael O'Clery or of an Eoghan O'Growney. The clear true eyes of this man almost alone in his day visioned Ireland as we of to-day would surely have her: not free merely, but Gaelic as well; not Gaelic merely but free as well.

In a closer spiritual communion with him now than ever before or perhaps ever again, in spiritual communion with those of his day, living and dead, who suffered with him in English prisons, in communion of spirit too with our own dear comrades who suffer in English prisons to-day, and speaking on their behalf as well as our own, we pledge to Ireland our love, and we pledge to English rule in Ireland our hate. This is a place of peace, sacred to the dead, where men should speak with all charity and with all restraint; but I hold it a Christian thing, as O'Donovan Rossa held it, to hate evil, to hate untruth, to hate oppression, and, hating them, to strive to overthrow them. Our foes are strong and wise and wary; but, strong and wise and wary as they are, they cannot undo the miracles of God who ripens in the hearts of young men the seeds sown by the young men of a former generation. And the seeds sown by the young men of '65 and '67 are coming to their miraculous ripening to-day. Rulers and Defenders of Realms had need to be wary if they would guard against such processes. Life springs from death; and from the graves of patriot men and women spring living nations. The Defenders of this Realm have worked well in secret and in the open. They think that they have pacified Ireland. They think that they have purchased half of us and intimidated the other half. They think that they have foreseen everything, think that they have provided against everything; but the fools, the fools, the fools!—they have left us our Fenian dead, and while Ireland holds these graves, Ireland unfree shall never be at peace.

MRS. ROSSA'S FAREWELL

On Thursday, August 5th, the Executive of the Funeral Committee met at the Gresham Hotel, Dublin. Mrs. Rossa and her daughter were present. The President, Mr. T. J. Clarke, on behalf of the Committee, presented to Mrs. Rossa the tricolor flag with which the coffin of Rossa was draped during the lying in state, and also the title deeds of the grave plot in Glasnevin Cemetery. In replying, Mrs. Rossa, speaking for herself and her daughter, expressed great satisfaction with the manner in which all the arrangements of the Committee had been made and carried out. She said that the universal sympathy of all the people, their loyalty to the memory of Rossa, and their devotion to the cause for which he suffered, had turned their great sorrow into joy, and she hoped that her next visit to Ireland would be to witness the crowning act of the labours of Rossa, those who had gone before him, and the men of to-day.

Before leaving Liverpool Mrs. Rossa addressed the following letter to the Committee:—

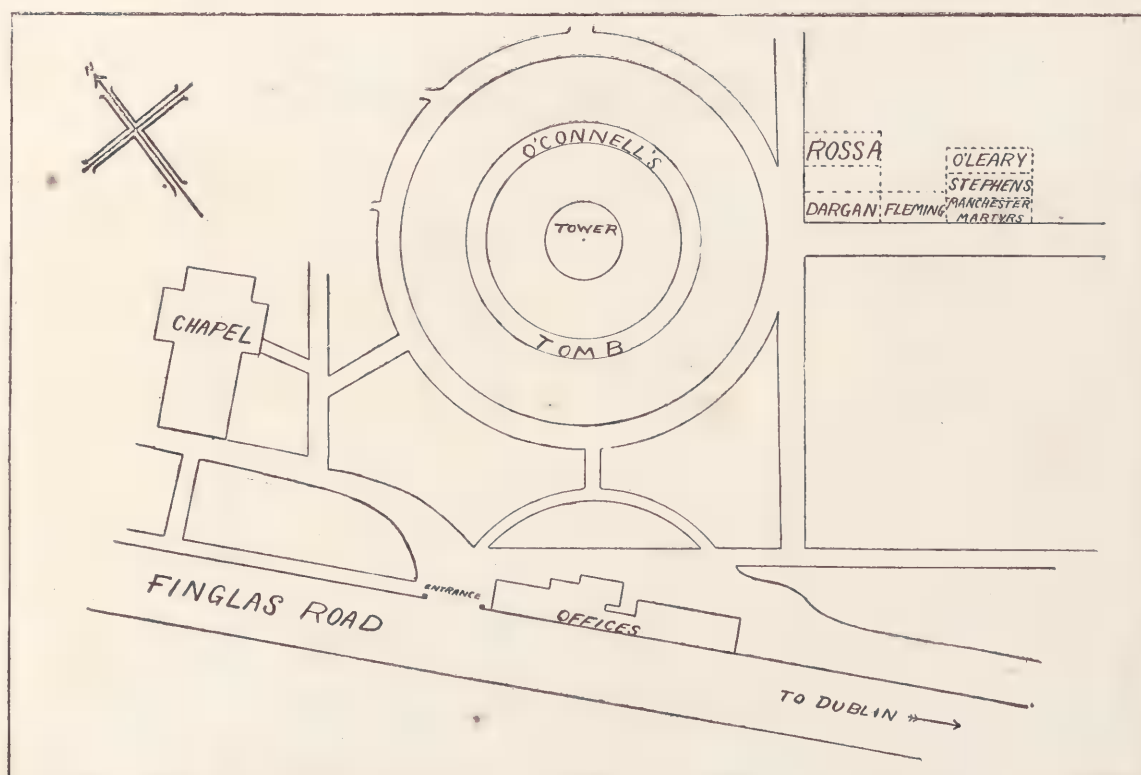
Liverpool, August, 7th, 1915.

Dear Mr. Clarke, and Gentlemen of the Executive Committee of the O'Donovan Rossa funeral,

I feel that I cannot sail for America without again expressing to you



City Hall, Dublin, where Rossa's Remains lay in State



Plan showing site of Rossa's Tomb in Glasnevin Cemetery

my satisfaction with, and gratitude to you for the superb management of the National Testimonial directed by you on the part of the people of Ireland. Consoled by the honour conferred on him, and the open affection and sympathy and unity with his ideals displayed and avowed by hundreds of thousands of his countrymen and women, I leave Rossa to rest in his native sod, convinced that Ireland was never so close to the fruition of his dreams as at this moment, and inspired with an ardent desire to help with heart and soul always and everywhere, that cause of Freedom in the service of which O'Donovan Rossa lived and died.

To the several Committees of management, to the Irish Volunteers, and the National, to the Citizen Army, to all who participated personally, or in spirit or word, with Sunday's patriotic pageant; to the Ancient Order* (always ready to swell Ireland's glory), to the Foresters and the Labour societies, the young Fianna (future hope of Ireland), and the Cumann na mBan (the future mothers of Ireland's heroes), and their sister societies, who worked for the success of our undertaking, my gratitude, love and congratulations, and also to the sympathetic throngs who lined the way to Glasnevin my heart speaks, for "they also serve who only stand and wait," and their good order, reverence, and generally evident sympathy strengthened and comforted me to the heart's core.

Perhaps before closing I should make a little explanation to the Cork societies who expected Rossa's remains would be laid with his forefathers in the Abbey Field, Ross Carberry. There was such an intention five years ago when Mr. Michael D. O'Brien wrote to Rossa on the part of a committee in Cork proposing to give him an Irish funeral if I should bring his remains home. I promised Rossa forty years ago if I survived him I would bring him home to sleep in Ireland. After his death I proceeded to fulfil my promise, but not having heard anything more from Mr. O'Brien, or any committee in Cork, and receiving an invitation from Dublin to bring him to Glasnevin, and receive for him a national funeral from the united people of all Ireland, I followed the advice of our best and truest friends in New York, and the dictates of my own judgment and my full knowledge of Rossa's own mind under the circumstances, and I brought him here, thank God, to **all** Ireland, to radiate from his buried body at Glasnevin more patriotic inspiration to his people than would be possible to him living. Cork will understand and appreciate my intention, I am sure. Cork has done so by attending so largely the National demonstration to Glasnevin.

Thanking you again, my dear Friends, for your sympathy, hospitality and fearless devotion, and full of pride and gratitude leaving him to the hearts that loved him and thought with him, and the sod he loved and fought for.

I remain ever sincerely and devotedly yours,

MARY J. O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

* The Ancient Order of Hibernians (Irish American Alliance).—[Editor.]

Ó Donnabháin ROSA.

Diarmuid O Donnabhain Rosa!
 Honour and love to the name!
 There is nought in it mean or ignoble,
 It speaks not of serfdom or shame;
 It tells of a life lived for Ireland,
 Of a heart fond and fearless and true,
 Of a spirit untamed and defiant,
 That the foeman could never subdue.

They chained him, they starved him, they scourged him,
 They tried every devil-sent plan
 To blacken the heart of the hero,
 To shatter the mind of the man;
 They made him an exile, an outlaw,
 They slandered him living and dead,
 But his love or his hate never wavered,
 Till the spirit God gave him had fled.

His crime was that Ireland, his Mother,
 Had called him to dare and to dree,
 That one day her bonds might be riven,
 That one day her limbs might be free
 From the chains of the English enslaver—
 And proudly he answered her call,
 Nor cared what the future might bring him,
 So Ireland were freed from her thrall.

Bear him back to that Mother who loves him,
 Bear him back to the land he loved well,
 Go forth 'mong the children of Ireland,
 The tale of his triumph to tell;
 In their hearts plant the seeds of his story,
 In their minds light the dream of his soul,
 And point them the road that he travelled,
 The rough road to Liberty's Goal.

Diarmuid O Donnabhain Rosa,
 Glory to God for his life,
 For the glorious memory he leaves us,
 To strengthen our hearts in the strife,
 Till the cause that he lived for has triumphed,
 Till the darkness of thralldom has fled,
 And Ireland, unfettered, shall honour
 The names of her patriot dead!

Órían na Danban.

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